The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

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Selections.

From The Liberator.

Speech of Theodore Parker,

At a Meeting of Citizens of Boston and Vicinity, held in Faneuil Hall, March 25th, in condemnation of the recent Speech of Daniel Webster.

[EXTRACTS.]

Importance of the Question.

A question so important to be decided seldom comes before any generation of men.—This age is full of great questions, but this of Freedom is the chief—it is the same question which in other forms comes up in Europe. This is presently to be decided here in the United States by the servants of the people; *for* the people, if justly decided; *against* them, if unjustly. If it were to be left to-morrow to the naked votes of the majority, I should have no fear. But the public servants of the people may decide otherwise. The political parties, as such, are not to pass judgment. It is not a question between Whigs and Democrats; old party distinctions, once so sacred and rigidly observed, here vanish out of sight. The party of Slavery or the party of Freedom is to swallow up all the other parties. Questions about tariffs and banks can hardly get a hearing. On the approach of a battle, men do not talk of the weather.

Four great men in the Senate of the United States have given us their decision; the four most eminent in the party politics of the nation—two great Whigs, two great Democrats. The *Shibboleth* of their party is forgotten by each; there is a strange unanimity in their decision. The Herod of free trade and the Pilate of protection are 'made friends,' when Freedom is to be crucified. All four decide adverse to freedom; in favor of slavery; against the people. Their decisions are such as you might look for in the politicians of Austria and Russia. Many smaller ones have spoken on this side or on that. Last of all, but greatest, the most illustrious of the four—so far as great gifts of the understanding are concerned—a son of New England, long known, and often and deservedly honored, has given his decision. We waited long for his words; we held our peace in his silence; we listened for his counsel.—Here it is; adverse to freedom beyond the fears of his friends, and the hopes even of his foes. He has done wrong things before, cowardly things more than once; but this, the wrongest and most cowardly of them all, we did not look for it. No great man in America has had his faults or his failings so leniently dealt with; private scandal we will not credit, public shame we have tried to excuse, or, if inexcusable, to forget. We have all of us been proud to go forward and honor his noble deeds, his noble efforts, even his noble words. I wish we could take a mantle big and black enough, and go backward and cover up the shame of the great man who has fallen in the midst of us, and hide him till his honor and his conscience shall return. But no, it cannot be; his deed is done in the face of the world, and nothing can hide it.

Bidding for the Presidential Prize.

The lease of the Presidency is to be disposed of for the next four years by a sort of auction. It is in the hands of certain political brokers, who 'operate' in presidential and other political stock. The majority of those brokers are slaveholders or pro-slavery men; they must be conciliated, or they will 'not understand the nod' of the candidate—I mean, of the man who bids for the lease.—All the illustrious men in the national politics have an eye on the transaction, but sometimes the bid has been taken for persons whose chance at the sale seemed very poor. Gen. Cass made his bid some time ago. I think his offer is recorded in the famous 'Nicholson Letter.' He was a Northern man, and bid *non-intervention—the unconstitutionality of any intervention of slavery in the new territories.* Mr. Clay made his bid, (for old Kentucky 'never tires,') the same old bid that he has often made—a *compromise.* Mr. Calhoun did as he has always done. I will will not say he made any bid at all; he was too sick for that, too sick for any thought of the Presidency. Perhaps at this moment the angel of death is dealing with that famed and remarkable man. Nay, he may already have gone where the 'servant is free from his master, and the weary are at rest;' have gone home to his God, who is the Father of the great politician and the feeblest-minded slave. If it be so, let us follow him only with pity for his errors, and the prayer that his soul may be at rest. He has fought manfully in an unmanly cause. He seemed sincerely in the wrong, and spite of the badness of the cause to which he devoted his best energies, you cannot but respect the man.

Last of all, Mr. Webster makes his bid for the lease of 'that bad eminence,' the Presidency. He bids higher than the others, of course, as coming later; bids *non-intervention, four new slave States in Texas, Mason's bill for capturing fugitive slaves, and denunciation of all the anti-slavery movements of the North, public and private.* That is what he bids, looking to the Southern side of the board of political brokers. Then he nods northward, and says, *the Wilmot Proviso is my 'thunder;'* then timidly glances to the South and adds, *but I will never use it.*

I think this is the only reasonable way in which we can estimate this speech—as a bid for the Presidency. I will not insult that mighty intellect by supposing that he, in his private heart, regards it in any other light.—Mr. Calhoun might well be content with that, and say, 'Organize the territories on the principle of that gentleman, and give us a free scope and sufficient time to get in—we ask nothing but that, and we will never ask it.'

The Fugitive Bill.

Suppose the bill of Mr. Webster's friend shall pass Congress, what will the action of it be? A slave-hunter comes here to Boston—he seizes any dark looking man that is unknown and friendless—he has him before the postmaster, the collector of customs, or some clerk, or marshal of some U. S. court, and makes oath that the dark man is his slave. The slave-hunter is allowed his oath. The fugitive is not allowed his testimony.—The man born free as you and I, on the false oath of a slave-hunter, or the purchased affidavit of some one, is surrendered to a Southern State, to bondage life-long and irremediable. Will you say—the post-master, the collector, the clerks and marshals in Boston would not act in such matters? They have no option; it is *their official duty to do so.* But they would not decide against the unalienable rights of man—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness! That may be, or may be not. The slave-hunter may have his 'fugitive' before the collector of Boston, or the postmaster of Truro, if he sees fit. If they, remembering their Old Testament, refuse to 'bewray him that wandereth,' the slave-hunter may bring on his officer with him from Georgia or Florida; he may bring the custom-house officer from Mobile or Wilmington, some petty little post-master from a town you never heard of, in South Carolina or Texas, and have any dark man in Boston up before that 'magistrate,' and on his decision have the fugitive carried off to Louisiana or Arkansas, to bondage forever. The bill provides that the trial may be had before any such officer, 'residing or being' in the State where the fugitive is found!

There were three fugitives at my house the other night. Ellen Crafts was one of them. You all know Ellen Crafts is a slave; she, with her husband, fled from Georgia to Philadelphia, and is here before us now.—She is not so dark as Mr. Webster himself, if any of you think freedom is to be dealt out in proportion to the whiteness of the skin.—If Mason's bill passes, I might have some miserable postmaster from Texas or the District of Columbia—some purchased agent of Messrs. Bruin and Hill, the great slave-dealers of the Capital—have him here in Boston, take Ellen Crafts before the caitiff, and on his decision hurry her off to bondage as cheerless, as hopeless, as irremediable as the grave!

Let me interest you in a scene which might happen. Suppose a poor fugitive, wrongfully held as a slave—let it be Ellen Crafts—has escaped from Savannah in some Northern ship. No one knows of her presence on board; she has lain with the cargo in the hold of the vessel. Harder things have happened. Men have journeyed hundreds of miles bent double in a box half the size of a coffin, journeying towards freedom. Suppose the ship comes up to Long Wharf, at the foot of State street. Bulk is broken to remove the cargo; the woman escapes, emaciated with hunger, feeble from long confinement in a ship's hold, sick with the tossings of the heedless sea, and still further etiolated and blanched with the mingling emotions of hope and fear. She escapes to land. But her pursuer, more remorseless than the sea, has been here before hand; laid his case before the official he has brought with him, or purchased here, and claims his slave. She runs for her life, fear adding wings. Imagine the scene—the flight, the hot pursuit through State Street, Merchant's Row—*your* magistrates in hot pursuit. To make the irony of nature still more complete, let us suppose this shall take place on some of the memorable days in the history of America—on the 19th of April, when our fathers first laid down their lives 'in the sacred cause of God and their country'; on the 17th of June, the 22d of December, or on any of the sacramental days in the long sad history of our struggle for our own freedom! Suppose the weary fugitive takes refuge in Faneuil Hall, and here, in the old Cradle of Liberty, in the midst of its associations, under the eyes of Samuel Adams, the bloodhounds seize their prey! Imagine Mr. Webster and Mr. Winthrop looking on, cheering the slave-hunter, intercepting the fugitive fleeing for her life. Would that not be a pretty spectacle!

Propose to support that bill to the fullest extent, with all its provisions! Ridiculous talk! Does Mr. Webster suppose that such a law could be executed in Boston? that the people of Massachusetts will ever return a single fugitive, under such an act as that?—Then he knows his constituents very little, and proves that he needs 'instruction.'

'Slavery is a moral and religious blessing,' says somebody in the present Congress. But it seems some 30,000 slaves have been blind to the benefits—moral and religious—which it confers, and have fled to the free States.—Mr. Clingman estimates the value of all the fugitive slaves in the North at $15,000,000.—Delaware loses $100,000 in a year in this way; her riches taking to themselves not wings but LEGS. Maryland lost $100,000 in six months. I fear Mr. Mason's bill and Mr. Webster's speech will not do much to protect that sort of 'property' from this kind of loss. Such action is prevented 'by a law even superior to that which admits and sanctions it in Texas.'

Three Traitors.

Shall I compare Mr. Webster with Thomas Wentworth, the great Earl of Strafford, a man 'whose doubtful character and memorable end have made him the most conspicuous character of a reign so fertile in recollections'? He, like Webster, was a man of large powers, and once devoted them to noble uses. Did Wentworth defend the 'Petition of right'? So did Webster, many times defend the great cause of liberty. But it was written of Strafford, that 'in his self-interested and ambitious mind,' patriotism 'was the seed sown among thorns'! 'If we reflect upon this man's cold-blooded apostacy on the first lure to his ambition, and on his splendid abilities, which enhanced the guilt of that desertion, we must feel some indignation at those who have palliated all his iniquities, and embalmed his memory with the attributes of patriot heroism. Great he surely was, since that epithet can never be denied without paradox to so much comprehension of mind, such ardor and energy, such courage and eloquence, those commanding qualities of soul, which impressed upon his dark and stern countenance, struck his contemporaries with mingled awe and hate. . . . But it may be reckoned a sufficient ground for distrusting any one's attachment to the English Constitution, that he reveres the name of Strafford.' His measures for stifling liberty in England, which he and his cotemporaries significantly called THOROUGH, in the reign of Charles the 1st, were not more atrocious than the measures which Daniel Webster proposes himself, or proposes to support 'to the fullest extent.' But Strafford paid the forfeit—tasting the sharp and bitter edge of the remorseless axe. Let his awful shade pass by. I mourn at the parallel between him and the mighty son of our own New England. Would to God it were not thus!

For a sadder parallel, I shall turn off from the sour features of that great British politician, and find another man in our own fair land. This name carries us back to 'the times that tried men's souls,' when also there were souls that could not stand the rack. It calls me back to 'the famous year '80'—to the little American army in the highlands of New York—to the time when the torch of American liberty, which now sends its blaze far up to heaven, at the same time lighting the Northern lakes and the Mexique Bay, tinging with welcome radiance the Eastern and the Western sea, was a feeble flame, flickering about a thin and hungry wick, and one hand was raised to quench in darkness, and put out forever, that feeble and uncertain flame. Gentlemen, I hate to speak thus. I hate to couple his name with that other, which few Americans care to pronounce.—But I know no deed in American history, done by a son of New England, to which I can compare this, but the act of *Benedict Arnold!*

Shame that I should say this of any man; but his own motto shall be mine.—VERA PRO GRATIS—and I am not responsible for what he has made the TRUTH; certainly, *mewm ingenium non monet, necessitas cogit!*

I would speak with all possible tenderness of any man, of every man; of such an one, so honored, and so able, with the respect I feel for superior powers. I would often question my sense of justice, before I dared to pronounce an adverse conclusion. But the Wrong is palpable, the Injustice is open as the day. I must remember here are 20,-000,000, whose material welfare his counsel defeats; whose honor his counsel stains; whose political, intellectual, moral growth he is using all his mighty powers to hinder and keep back.

A Question of Morals.

It is a great question before us concerning the existence of millions of men. To many men in politics, it is merely a *question of party rivalry;* a question of *in* and *out*, and nothing more. To many men in cities, it is a *question of commerce*, like the establishment of a bank, or the building of one railroad more or less. But to serious men, who love man and love their God, this is a question of morals, a question of religion, to be settled with no regard to *party rivalry*, none to floating interests of to-day, but to be settled under the awful eye of conscience, and by the just law of God.

Shall we shut up slavery or extend it? It is for us to answer. Will you deal with the question now, or leave it to your children, when the evil is ten times greater? In 1749, there was not a slave in Georgia; now, 280,000. In 1750, in all the United States, but 200,000; now, 3,000,000. In 1950, let Mr. Webster's counsels be followed, there will be 30,000,000. Thirty millions! Will it then be easier for your children to set limits to this crime against human nature, than now for you? Our fathers made a political, and a commercial, and a moral error—shall we repeat it? They did a wrong—shall we extend and multiply the wrong? Was it an error in our fathers—not barely a wrong; was it a sin? No, not in them—they knew it not. But what in them to establish was only an error, in us to extend or to foster is a sin!

Perpetuate Slavery, we cannot do it.—Nothing will save it. It is girt about by a ring of fire which daily grows narrower, and sends terrible sparkles into the very centre of the shameful thing. 'Joint resolutions' cannot save it; annexations cannot save it—not if we re-annex all the West Indies; delinquent representatives cannot save it; uninstructed Senators, refusing instructions, cannot save it—no, not with all their logic, all their eloquence, which smites as an earthquake smites the sea. No, slavery cannot be saved—by no compromise, no non-intervention, no Mason's Bill in the Senate. It cannot be saved in this age of the world until you nullify every ordinance of nature, until you repeal the will of God, and dissolve the union He has made between righteousness and the welfare of a people. Then, when you displace God from the throne of the world and instead of His eternal justice re-enact the will of the Devil, then you may keep Slavery—keep it forever, keep it in peace—not till then.

The question is, not if slavery is to cease, and soon to cease, but shall it end as it ended in Massachusetts, in New Hampshire, in Pennsylvania, in New York; or shall it end as in St. Domingo? Follow the counsel of Mr. Webster—it will end in fire and blood. God forgive us for our cowardice, if we let it come to that—when 3,000,000 or 30,000,-000 of degraded human beings, degraded by us, must wade through slaughter to their unalienable rights.

Mr. Webster has spoken noble words—at Plymouth, standing on the altar-stone of New England; at Bunker Hill, the spot so early reddened with the blood of our fathers. But at this hour, when we looked for great counsel, when we forgot the paltry things which he has often done, and said, 'Now he will rouse his noble soul, and be the man his early speeches once bespoke,' who dared to fear that Olympian head would bow so low, so deeply kiss the ground? Try it morally, try it intellectually, try it by the statesman's test, world-wide justice—nay, try it by the politician's basest test, the personal expediency of to-day—it is a speech 'not fit to be made,' and when made, 'not fit to be confirmed.'

'We see dimly in the distance what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate;
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within—
"They enslave their children's children, who make compromise with sin."'

The Fugitive Slave to the Christian.

The fetters galled my weary soul—
A soul that seemed but thrown away;
I spurned the tyrant's base control,
Resolved at last the man to play:
The hounds are baying on my track!
O Christian! will you send me back?

I felt the stripes, the lash I saw,
Red dripping with a father's gore;
And worst of all their lawless law,
The insults that my mother bore!
The hounds are baying on my track!
O Christian! will you send me back?

Where human law o'er rules Divine,
Beneath the sheriff's hammer fell
Wife and babes,—I call them mine,—
And where they suffer, who can tell?
The hounds are baying on my track!
O Christian! will you send me back?

I seek a home where man is man,
If such there be upon this earth,
To draw my kindred, if I can,
Around its free, though humble hearth.
The hounds are baying on my track!
O Christian! will you send me back?

How Wicked!

It seems that some Episcopalian gownman of Baltimore is out in the papers, complaining terribly of that incorrigible, ungodly sinner, but a member of his church, Henry Clay—and what for? Is it because he is the author of that stupendous piece of wickedness, the Missouri Compromise, whereby oppression was indefinitely extended? No—such a little crime is only one of those white sins called a peccadillo in the Rev. gentleman's code of ethics. Well, was it for the part he took in the Graves and Cilley duel, by which the latter was killed? No! such an affair is not probably of sufficient merit to challenge the attention of this holy man. Is it because Mr. Clay claims the labor, intellect, bodies and souls of some 60 slaves, whom he controls by the same tenure that he wields over his horses and oxen? Oh no! this same Rev. gentleman would sanction and sanctify this '*institution*' by two hundred years of existence, and plenty of scripture to boot. Can it be Mr. Clay's recent compromise speech, wherein he would slyly circumscribe liberty and give to slavery full play in the new territories, that warmed up the holy zeal and pious horror of this would-be Moses Melchisedec?—Not at all! in this his delinquent is all right, and possibly don't go as far as his reverence thinks he ought. Then it certainly must be some horrible crime, involving the violation of every moral requirement in the decalogue, which has called forth this modern chapter of lamentations over some terrible befallment in this Episcopalian Zion. What in the name of all that is wonderful can it be that Mr. Clay has done?—out with it! and don't keep the world in suspense. Well, let all creation prick up its ears and hear——*Mr. Clay—sat—a—number—of—ladies—and—gentlemen—dancing—in—Baltimore—and——* SMILED!!! What must be done with the old white-headed transgressor for this? Should not the anointed consign him over to the hottest portion of *hades, gahenna, tartarus and pandemonium*, with all the maledictions of good men, priests, bishops, saints, angels, cherubims and seraphims, and there, as the brimstone preacher said, 'to be cut to pieces on the scythes and sickles of damnation, and hung up on the hooks of hell to dry!!' Awful sinners must be awfully punished—for seeing people dance.—*New Lisbon Aurora.*

A SLAVE HUNTER IN BOSTON.—A slave-hunter from Macon, Ga., named Gunn, is prowling around Boston to ascertain the whereabouts of escaped slaves. Last Wednesday he called upon Ellen Crafts, who knew him well, to make inquiries about some one who had escaped from bondage.—The fugitives in Boston had better be on the lookout at this time. The speech of Webster will doubtless encourage the slave-holders to renew their efforts to re-capture their "*property*."—*Republican.*

From the Essex (Mass.) Freeman.

Origin and History of the Africans.

MR. EDITOR.—A very able and interesting lecture was delivered last Tuesday eve in the Vestry of the Old South Church in Danvers, by Mr. Wm. G. Allen, a colored law student of Boston, on the *Origin and History of the Africans.*

Mr. Allen commenced with the somewhat startling assertion, that the Africans originated the arts and sciences, and gave the first impulse to civilization. How different this idea from the notion entertained by great numbers in this country at the present day, some of whom would endeavor to persuade themselves and others to believe, that the negro is but a mere connecting link between the brute creation and the human race! But the speaker sustained his position by the most irrefragible proofs drawn from the past history of the world, evincing a depth of research to which few men of any profession can lay claim. He seemed indeed to be perfectly familiar with the history of every branch of the human family, as far back as the days of Noah, and to possess an intimate acquaintance with all the writings extant of every historian both ancient and modern.

With one stroke of his logic he let the wind out of that sophistical argument put forth the last year in a pamphlet entitled.—"Thoughts on Slavery," in which the author endeavors to prove by the curse pronounced upon Canaan, that Southern Slavery is a bible institution sanctioned by the God of Heaven!!

"Canaan," said Mr. A., "was the *only* son of Ham who did *not* settle in Africa, but in Asia; and the bitter curse pronounced upon his posterity was fulfilled in the extermination of the Canaanites by the Hebrews, and in the destruction and downfall of Carthage."

The reader will find this line of thought more fully carried out in the able "Report of the Committee on Slavery to the Convention of Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts," which we understand was from the pen of Dr. Worcester, of Salem.

In this Report, at the close of one branch of the argument occurs the following passage: "In truth and soberness, it may be affirmed that the whitest slaveholder of modern Christendom is as liable to have the blood of Ham or of Canaan in his veins, as is any one of his slaves."

Proceeding in his lecture, Mr. A. run a tilt against Prof. Agassiz, who has recently made an attack upon Divine Revelation, by denying that "God made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth," and completely unhorsing him, knocked *him* back into the dark ages to flounder on through the chaos of his own conflicting opinions with Linæus, Buffon, Helvetius, Monboddo and Darwin, men who once advocated the same absurd theory, that the human race originated from different sources.

And still further, to show that the negro, like the white man, "is God's image, although carved in ebony," and is capable of becoming one of the most exalted specimens of humanity, the lecturer adduced the examples of Hannibal and Augustine, the first of whom was admitted to be one of the greatest Generals and Statesmen, and the latter one of the profoundest Theologians which the world has ever produced.

And to these he *might* have added the names of Freidig of Vienna, an excellent architect, Lislet of the Isle of France, who was made a member of the French Academy, Arno, who was honored with a diploma of Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Wartemberg, in 1734, and Vasa and Ignatius Sancho, whose taste and genius enriched the polite literature of England.

Mr. A. also showed that the diversities among the different nations of mankind were produced by the influence which climate, hard treatment, and different kinds of food had upon the animal frame and color of the skin.

The lecture was one which would have done honor to the mind of the historian Bancroft, while the gentle and modest demeanor of the speaker, together with the gracefulness of his elocution and ready command of language, gave to the performance an additional interest.

We understood that at the close of the meeting, one or two profound erudites left the Vestry, complaining that the lecturer had not given the *true* origin of the blacks, which they said was *Cain*, upon whom the Almighty placed a *mark* for the crime of murdering his brother, and from whom the negroes sprung.

We should hardly know how to get along with *this* theory of the origin of the Africans, unless we suppose that some one of Cain's descendents (all of whom it is *generally* thought were swept away by the deluge) plunged to the bottom of the mighty flood which then mantled the entire globe as with a garment, and secreting himself in some subterranean cavern to keep from being dashed against the rocks, or devoured by sea-monsters, *held his breath* till the waters had subsided, when he came out from his hiding place, walked abroad in the earth, married one of old Noah's grand-daughters, and commenced again peopling the world with a race of negroes!—A. B.

ALMOST A BULL.—One of our exchanges calls Greeley a "cold calculating fanatic." He is, certainly, the first *cold* and *calculating* fanatic we have ever heard of. The editor to the contrary, the "rest of mankind" have generally attributed far different qualities to "fanatics" from coolness and reflection!—But epithets are uncertain, and we should be careful how we play with them!—*Spirit of the Times.*

☞ "Why does the Journal of Commerce," said one merchant to another, this morning, "call Mr. Webster's speech a compromise speech?" "Because," was the reply, "he has dreadfully compromised himself."—*Eve. Post.*

Mason's Fugitive Bill.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That when a person held to service or labor in any State or Territory of the United States, under the laws of such State or Territory, shall escape into any other of the said States or Territories, the person to whom such service or labor may be due, his or her agent, or attorney, is hereby empowered to seize or arrest such fugitive from service or labor, and to take him or her *before any Judge of the Circuit or District Courts of the United States, or before any commissioner or clerk of such courts, or marshal thereof, or before any postmaster of the United States, or collector of the customs of the United States, residing or being within such State wherein such seizure or arrest shall be made,* and upon proof to the satisfaction of such judge, commissioner, clerk, postmaster, or collector, as the case may be, either by oral testimony or affidavit taken before and certified by any person authorized to administer an oath under the laws of the United States, or of any State, that the person so seized or arrested under the laws of the State or Territory from which he or she fled, owes service or labor to the person claiming him or her, it shall be the duty of such *judge, commissioner, clerk, marshal, postmaster, or collector, to give a certificate thereof* to such claimant, his or her agent or attorney, *which certificate shall be a sufficient warrant for taking and removing such fugitive from service or labor to the State or Territory from which he or she fled.*

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That when a person held to service or labor, as mentioned in the first section of this act, shall escape from such service or labor, as therein mentioned, the person to whom such service or labor may be due, his or her agent, or attorney, may apply to any one of the officers of the U. S. named in said section, other than a marshal of the U. S., for a warrant to seize and arrest such fugitive, and upon affidavit being made before such officer, (each of whom, for the purposes of this act, is hereby authorized to administer an oath or affirmation,) by such claimant, his or her agent, that such person does, under the laws of the State or Territory from which he or she fled, owe service or labor to such claimant, it shall be and is hereby made the duty of such officer, to and before whom such application and affidavit is made, to issue his warrant to any marshal of any of the Courts of the United States, to seize and arrest such alleged fugitive, and to bring him or her forthwith, or on a day to be named in such warrant, before the officer issuing such warrant, or either of the other officers mentioned in said first section, except the marshal to whom the said warrant is directed, which said warrant or authority the said marshal is hereby authorized and directed in all things to obey.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, *That any person who shall knowingly and willingly obstruct or hinder such claimant,* his agent or attorney, or any person or persons assisting him, her or them, in so serving or arresting such fugitive from service or labor, *or shall rescue such fugitive from such claimant, his agent or attorney,* when so arrested, pursuant to the authority herein given or declared, *or shall aid, abet, or assist such person so owing service or labor to escape from such claimant,* his agent or attorney, or *shall harbor or conceal such person,* after notice that he or she was a fugitive from labor, as aforesaid, *shall, for either of the said offences, forfeit and pay the sum of one thousand dollars,* which penalty may be recovered by, and for the benefit of, such claimant, by action of debt in any court proper to try the same, saving, moreover, to the person claiming such labor or service, his right of action for, or on account of, the said injuries, or either of them.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That when such person is seized and arrested, under and by virtue of the said warrant, by such marshal, and is brought before either of the officers aforesaid, other than said Marshal, it shall be the duty of such officer to proceed in the case of such person, in the same way that he is directed and authorized to do when such person is seized and arrested by the person claiming him, or by his or her agent or attorney, and is brought before such officer or attorney under the provisions of the first section of this act.

This is the Bill known as 'Mason's Bill,' introduced by Mr. Butler of South Carolina, on the 16th of Jan. last. This is the Bill which Mr. Webster proposes 'to support, *with all its provisions, to the fullest extent.*' It is a 'bill of abominations,' but there are 'some amendments to it,' which modify the bill a little. Look at them. Here they are. The first provides, in addition to the fine of $1000 for *aiding and abetting* the escape of a fugitive, for *harboring* and *concealing* him, that the offender '*shall also be imprisoned twelve months.*' The second amendment is as follows: '*And in no trial or hearing under this act shall the testimony of such slave be received.*'

These are Mr. Mason's amendments offered on the 23d of last January. This is the Bill, 'with some amendments,' which Mr. Webster says, 'I propose to support, with all its provisions, to the fullest extent.'

THE CUBAN EXPEDITION.—A Washington Correspondent of the *Jour. of Commerce* says: "The Cuba invasion project attracts much attention. Some members of Congress are well apprized of the movements. Commodore Parker, it is said may wink at the proceedings. I know several highly respectable gentlemen of the North and South now in this city, who have been solicited to take command. The chief command is offered to a Northern man, whose name I will not now mention."

TRAVEL.—The Buffalo Express of the 3rd says, "We have seldom, if ever, at this period witnessed such a rush of travel. The boats and railroad cars are crowded with passengers, who are hurrying to and fro in pursuit of business."